

# UNITY

Leonard M.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1887.

[NUMBER 22.]

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[Continued on last page.]



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# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1887.

[NUMBER 22.]

## EDITORIAL.

It is no sign of wise freedom or bravery to cast the pearls we have to swine before we go searching for new treasure. The man who does that will find himself without a jewel with which to compare and judge his new acquisitions, and, perhaps, without that in his soul which will enable him to tell pearls from peas.

EMERSON says, "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness;"—and it is evident that we need a thorough exploring expedition among our laws and moral standards. President Bascom is reported as having said in his baccalaureate the other day, that the offenses for which some are languishing in prisons are mere bagatelles compared to those for which others are held in honor. Society has hardly yet begun to learn that the one true test of good and evil for it to use, is Justice.

WHY is mankind so troubled at the diversity in religious opinions? Everywhere God has written the word *Progress*, and everywhere, but in the matter of religion, we believe it. We feel no call to ride in stage coaches out of respect for our grandfathers. We stand and watch the steam thrasher, with all its cogs and belts and bands; and as the separator pours the grain one way in a great golden stream, while the straw and chaff go the other, do we doubt whether this machine is a legitimate product of natural science, because through the open barn doors of our neighbor we can hear him threshing out his little three-acre crop with a flail?

LET the people give gladly when the contribution box comes round; for here is the harder way they had to do it in Boston two hundred years ago, as quoted by Mr. Dole: "The Magistrates and chiefe Gentlemen first, and then the elders and all the congregation of men and most of them that are not of the Church, all single persons, widows and women in absence of their husbands, come up one after another one way, and bring their offerings to the Deacon at his seate and put it into a box of wood for the purpose, if it bee money or papers; if it be any other chattle, they set it or lay it downe before the Deacons, and so passe another way to their seats again."

THE *New Theology Herald*, with an insight that is refreshing, thus describes the real infidel:

If there is any infidel, it is he who in the presence of truth clings to error; who, when his heart beats responsive to the larger influx of spiritual life, sits mourning the demise of superstition; who, when his voice should ring with the accents of the larger truth, is silent or feeble voiced because of tenderness for the false and foolish.

If there is any Atheist it is he who trembles for God's throne when man-made foundations are seen to crumble; who fears for God's omnipotence when opposed by the presumptuous weapons of human folly; who, in the midst of God's glories, fears lest the decay of belief in ancient marvels should cause man to doubt the Divine Creator; who, in the light of an ever-present inspiration, bewails the loss of ancient parchments, or the falling authority of ancient oracles. The greatest skeptic is he who fears to test the strength of Faith by every means.

DR. BERNHARD STADE's "History of Israel," published this year in Berlin, has not yet received the notice in our papers it should. It continues the work so patiently carried on during the last fifty years by Ewald, Graf, Kuenen and Wellhausen. Doctor Stade dates the oldest part of the Pentateuch, known as the writing of the Jehovist, in the latter part of the ninth century B. C.; the book of Deuterion-

omy 621 B. C.; and the larger part, known as the "Priestly Codex," or work of the Elohist, and made the groundwork of the Pentateuch, still later, during the Babylonian exile. His conclusions are still more startling than Kuenen's, and he finds little but legend in the stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Joshua. But a scholarly reviewer in the *Nation* defends them and says: "Never has the minute examination and dissection of historical tradition been carried out with more painstaking earnestness, sounder knowledge, and greater freedom from religious or anti-religious prepossessions, than in the histories of Wellhausen and Stade."

THE consciousness of deathlessness, when attained, is something very different from an external dogma taken from a book. The last makes immortality an arbitrary gift; the other founds it in the nature of things. The one is a repetition of creation, the other is continuation, *eternal life*. The one depends on frail external evidence; the other is perfected, incorporated into our lives—an achievement of Living. The one faith is a prop, a crutch, a parachute; the other, strength, faculty, eternal buoyancy. The one is superficial, kept for emergencies; the other is an axiom of the soul, having to do constantly with all human interests. The one is liable to be torn away, because it is attached, and not ingrown; the other, when attained, points, as constant as the needle to the pole, to the endless persistence of mind force and heart force—the sublime, immortal destiny of man.

"WHEN after ages look back upon our own, they will recognize that in science its key-note has been the idea of Unity." So says Grant Allen in his recent article on "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886." Instead of the "fragmentary and disjunctive science of fifty years ago," we now see a "unified cosmos, consisting everywhere of the same prime elements, animated everywhere by the same constant and indestructible energies, evolving everywhere along the same lines in accordance with the self-same underlying principles," in "mind and matter," in "body, soul and spirit." J. Addington Symonds in his able article on "The Progress of Thought" in the same period, asserts the same, and adds that this idea brings more *spirituality* to thought. He says, "When we begin to regard this Unity with eyes from which the scales of Christian antagonism have fallen, we discover that we cannot think of it except as spiritual." Science "while establishing law, has prepared the way for the identification of Law with God." He claims that "the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half-century" is "the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe".

WHAT the leading thinkers of the early church taught about the scriptural "firmament" and the "waters above" it, is shown by Andrew D. White in his new papers on "The Warfare of Science." Saint Ambrose held the firmament to be a solid vault, and the thunder to be caused by the winds breaking through it; and taught that if the vault revolved, this "water is just what is needed to lubricate and cool its axis." Saint Jerome held the same, with the addition that to keep the upper waters in place, the Creator had turned them into ice. Saint Augustine "thought it his duty to guard especially the whole theory of the waters above the heavens." The "venerable Bede" wrote of these waters: "Some declare that they were stored there for the deluge, but others, more correctly, that they were intended to temper the fire of the stars." Among their other interesting theories, was that of Tertullian



and his followers, who held that lightning was identical with hell-fire, and that the sulphurous smell attending it was proof. All these and many similar conclusions were based on scripture texts, and on Augustine's axiom, that "Nothing is to be accepted save on the authority of scripture, since greater is that authority than all the powers of the human mind."

Not all slavery is abolished yet. Rev. Mr. Pentecost told the other day of a widow in Newark, who had been making children's dresses at eight cents apiece, and was able by close effort to earn twenty-four cents a day,—with which to support herself and four children, and, as he satirically said, "to buy drink and indulge in the other extravagances, to which we are told the poor are especially addicted." He added that it was money in the purse of that employer that he could hire the woman, instead of owning her as a slave. If the story was not true, and if the woman got treble those wages, she was still a slave; and a society in which she lives beside men who spend millions for private luxuries, has something rotten in it. Not that we have any quarrel with rich men, merely as such. Many of them are the hardest workers in the community and deserve luxuries. Nor is the rich man's wealth monopolized by himself, as popularly assumed; but most of it is invested in the public service, and most of his income re-invested in some business which benefits others and which the rich man only manages,—and manages better than a poor man could. So far as rich men use their wealth generously and with public spirit, they deserve the great gratitude of the community, instead of the curses so many are getting to-day. Still the poor have right to complain, while some men have private palaces and only occasionally try to remedy the inequality by a charity-ball where the costumes cost forty-fold more than the charities come to. The coming man will be ashamed to live in a too costly mansion; and the coming woman will see that the beauty God gives her makes diamonds dull and trains ridiculous.

### The Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital.

Last spring, when the senior editor took a flying trip into the northwestern part of UNITY's diocese, he had the pleasure of looking through the Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital at Hudson, Wisconsin, a sanitarium perfect in its appointments and ideal in its situation. The building was dedicated last month with fitting ceremonies. The following response to the toast "Oliver Wendell Holmes" was made by Hon. E. E. Woodman, of St. Paul. We are glad to let him thus speak without consent or request to his associates the readers of UNITY:

"One of the distinguishing characteristics of the nineteenth century is the widespread philanthropy that marks the time. Near the close of the eighteenth century there was a sun-burst of science, and by its illumination men saw the intrinsic equality of human souls. Uplifted by this grand idea, they tore down thrones and tyrannies, and forever swept into the rubbish of the ages the divine right of kings and all the tinsel fripperies of artificial ranks and orders among men.

"In the nineteenth century, with the sun of science riding high in the heavens, and our knowledge ever broadening and deepening under its glorious light, a larger and nobler idea is swaying the human soul, not the equality, but the brotherhood of men. Thus has the century blossomed in charities that, as being the expression of love in the soul, and as going out to others rather than centering in ourselves, we feel to be diviner than faith, diviner than hope. In every civilized land are a thousand monuments to the pervading and moving power of this noble sentiment. Beginning a hundred years ago with prison reform, and showing its least works to-day in Fresh Air Funds and Flower Missions, the best thought of the century has been given to the amelioration of the social state of the poor, the unfortunate and the afflicted.

"The institution that you have dedicated to-day stands in line with these humanities. This suggested the propriety of the name it bears. Certainly nothing but a foundation in Samaritan ethics could make it worthy to be the namesake of Oliver Wendell Holmes. For it is he that has touched the

well-springs of feeling in all our hearts and given them vent in charities. As old Burton was the anatomist of Melancholy, so he is the anatomist of Love. Having risen to the lofty conception of the unity of the spirit, not in man alone, but throughout the universe, he has a heart of tenderness and humility toward even our lowly brother of a shell-fish; and in the far frontier of life, where the nautilus sails its ship, has been inspired with the noblest aspiration of the human soul:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!

\* \* \* \* \*

Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

"To adorn a well of healing his name is best. In thus using it we seek to honor the distinguished instructor in his long professional career; the humanitarian poet, who has interpreted the spirit of his age; and the benign autocrat, under whose enchanting sway that spirit has been moved to all benevolences."

### Calamities and Providence.

The ancients thought calamities sent from Providence to punish sin, and generally knew what the sin was. When that destructive storm fell on the wheat harvest in Samuel's time, he told the people it was because they had asked for a king; and when a pestilence visited Israel in David's time, the Biblical writer assures us that its destruction of 20,000 men was because David had committed the great sin of taking a census. Jesus rose above such errors, and taught a Providence that sent sun and rain on evil and good alike, and let the tower of Siloam fall regardless of its victims. But few Christians have followed him here, and the idea that storms were divine punishments was a "truism" in mediæval thought, President White says. So late as the 17th century, the Catholic Bishop Majoli's authoritative work compares thunder and lightning to "bombs against the wicked," and says, "It is not to be doubted that, of all instruments of God's vengeance, the thunderbolt is the chief." A Protestant Swabian pastor, soon after, enumerates five sins especially punished with lightning and hail,—three of which are incredulity, neglect to repair churches, and withholding tithes from the clergy. So in this country Increase Mather taught that the scanty harvests of one year were probably caused by the low salaries the people were paying their preachers; and his son Cotton Mather tells of two ministers who were ill-paid, and "God, who will not be mocked," made the town lose cattle to "the value of 300 pounds sterling." Even so late as 1870, the French Bishop of Verdun ascribed a drought to the sin of Sabbath-breaking.

Such thoughts, however, are fast disappearing. We have learned that Providence makes no distinction between Protestant, papist and pagan, or even between worshipers and wicked. Corn grows as well for a Catholic as for a Calvinist, and as well for an atheist as for either. The earthquake smites saint and scoffer alike, and sometimes slays the theologian and saves the thief. Lightning cares for neither theology nor morals, but would just as soon strike a Christian church as a Mohammedan mosque,—and would sooner strike a tall steeple than a small saloon. Providence always acts through law.

But do not these calamities prove there is no Providence at all? How can they be reconciled with goodness in God or nature? In answering, we must exclude the calamities we bring upon ourselves. When our fire-traps burn, we have no right to infer there is no Providence. When our weak bridges break, we have no right to conclude there is no God. Rather the fact that fire burns wherever it gets a chance, is only a proof that Providence is faithful. The laws that let weak bridges break, but are themselves never broken, are proofs of the best possible God, who can always be trusted. Even the damages of earthquakes are partly our own fault, and are largely due to architects,—as Gibbon long ago said. Nor is the earthquake any worse than our own customs. Its shock is no more cruel to a city than a Christian siege. If earthquakes have destroyed 100,000 lives this century,—our wars since the middle of it have destroyed twenty times as



many. Earthquakes, too, unlike wars, are a necessity of nature, coming from the same forces that have shaped the earth, and that still bless it,—and it will be a sorry day for man when the planet's internal disturbances cease. Nor could a true God interfere with them;—for Deity must be faithful to the divine laws, and as Mr. Chadwick finely said of the Charleston earthquake, "So help him God, He could not do otherwise."

So of our more familiar tornadoes. An observer compared the terrible scene after one to a battlefield. Perhaps it was as bad, but by means so broad. In any of our late great wars, an action which killed but fifty men would hardly have had the honor of a mention in the morning paper. In the museum at Madison, one sees a board that has been driven through a tree in a tornado; and not far away a Gatling gun which shoots four hundred times a minute. Beside our torpedoes,—tornadoes seem quite harmless and humane; and cyclones are innocent compared with Christian cannon. At any rate, so long as we honor Napoleon for destroying two million men, let us not blame God or nature too severely for a storm that destroys but forty. Besides, these storms are necessary parts of the wind system which is fanning the cities and refreshing the farms, ventilating the valleys, purifying the prairies, and bearing moisture from the oceans to water our grain and to make the rivers to grind it with. Before we curse the winds for taking the lives of a few men, we want to remember that they are giving life to us all.

Calamities are, besides, great educators. The best Providence is not one which pets us, but pushes us out to struggle and be strengthened. To so-called evils we owe much of our progress. Hunger has developed our fisheries and farms. Cold has taught us to master fire for furnaces and factories. Need underlies all the arts. The storms on land have led to houses and started architecture. The storms at sea have brought stronger ships and the triumphs of navigation. Lightning gave the first lessons in electricity, and out of the tempest has come the telegraph. Nor has the education been merely mental, but moral. Storms have strengthened not only ships, but human bravery; and have not only built houses, but brought humaner sentiments in them, and warmed both hearths and hearts. They have evoked a pity and sympathy in the human soul, that far more than redeems any want of it in the wind. Calamities level our false distinctions, show us all equal before the great powers of nature, open our pockets and hearts, and bind mankind in closer brotherhood. They do more than prosperity to broaden minds, soften feelings, and bring spiritual sentiments. Through them we learn relentless law;—but also learn that this law is evolving love, and is itself love, and argues an eternal love that can be trusted.

H. M. S.

## CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

### The Road to Rue.

"THE END OF THAT MIRTH IS HEAVINESS."

Yes, all is bright and fair,  
And merry music's played;—  
There's neither grief nor care  
Nor weary footprints made;  
Life's sweetest roses grow,  
And all the skies are blue,  
And all the rivers pleasant flow  
Along the road to Rue.

The heart is gay and glad;—  
The eyes are strangely bright,—  
There spring no fountains sad  
To dim their crystal sight,  
For Laughter rules the day,  
And witching faces through  
The leafage look nor turn away,  
Along the road to Rue.

The soul doth own a hope  
That cannot dream of pain,  
And lips to beauty ope  
Nor count their kisses vain;—  
'Tis joy and love and mirth,  
With all the words so true:  
'Tis all of heaven and naught of earth  
Along the road to Rue!

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

### The Injustice of Socialism.

Under the above heading, a writer in the April *Century* arraigns the socialistic doctrine, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." He says: "According to this rule, a man of superior talents or creative genius would receive no higher recompense than the most inefficient workman, and, indeed, if the latter had a larger family, he would apparently receive more. The obvious intent of this rule is to prevent men of superior abilities from rising above the mass."

Such a conclusion is unavoidable if wages be the only criterion of success, if we recognize no higher recompense than money, and the things which money will buy. Mercenary as we are, I think we are hardly ready to admit this,—we are not ready to say that the crown of wild olive was an injustice to the victor in the Olympic games, and that Jesus and Socrates never rose above the masses. In what does rising above the masses consist? When we compare men with their fellows, the standard must be found in those things which constitute them men, in their inherent manhood. "A horse does not say to a horse: I am superior to you, for I possess much fodder and much barley, and my bits are of gold, and my harness is embroidered; but he says: I am swifter than you. And every animal is better or worse from his own merit or his own badness. Is there then no virtue in man only? And must we look to the hair, and our clothes, and our ancestors?"

There is nothing in the system of Socialism to prevent a man's doing the best of which he is capable, and freedom to do his best is all that a brave man wants. The socialist says that the man of superior talents and creative genius is already blest above his fellows in the possession of these gifts and in the assurance of honor and gratitude which must surely come to him from their exercise. Society is under no obligations to reward him for his good fortune. A true man feels that the highest recompense of a good deed is in the ability to do it, in the consciousness of having done it.

Is he indeed just who says, "Because my brother is inferior to me,—weaker of limb, dimmer of sight, cloudier of intellect, therefore I should have the softer couch, better food, more perfect schooling, and restful leisure?" Is it justice or selfishness which speaks here? Whence has a man his superior talents, and creative genius, and to what end? Are they not an inheritance from all past ages? Does not their present value depend upon their adaptability to the wants of mankind? Do they then belong to the man alone? Is he elevated or degraded when they are made an article of merchandise?

Under our present system, when a man has spent unremunerative years in the study of a profession, or in scientific research, justice demands that he should be reimbursed for the expense he has so incurred, and large fees are the approved means. According to the socialistic scheme, a man is to be considered as much a worker for the commonwealth during his years of preparation as while actually engaged in work, and to be paid accordingly. This would open up the learned professions to much talent which is now shut out for lack of means, while it would rid them of many worthless members. Once make other occupations as respectable and as remunerative as the professions, and we shall have many good butchers and bakers and candlestick makers from the ranks of our incompetent professional men.



Most critics of socialism seem to assume that it means a return to barbarism or semi-civilization, and that it puts a premium on incompetence and idleness. A careful reading of the leaders of the movement will convince any one that this is a mistake. It looks forward, not back.

A review of the history of the race will show that where man has worked simply to supply his individual wants, he has not risen above savagery, and his achievements have been of the most meagre description. Men early learned this, and saw that for any work of magnitude co-operation and division of labor were absolutely necessary. Then followed compulsory co-operation, or slavery,—the strong compelling the weak to work for them. This system is still prevalent in many parts of the world, and is the earliest of which we have any record among historic nations. As the moral sense developed, and there faintly dawned upon men's minds the thought of the brotherhood of men, the condition of the workers was ameliorated, and slavery was succeeded by serfdom. Under this system, the workman had liberty of person, and the privilege of having a home and family; otherwise he was little better off than the slave.

Serfdom, or feudalism, because of the same developing moral sense, was succeeded by our present wage system, with whose workings we all are familiar. Have we reached the final stage in this evolution of co-operation? The socialist says, no. Under all these systems, the workers have occupied an inferior position, and attained a lower degree of mental and moral development. They cannot reach the full stature of men under their present conditions. The world is now ready for the next step in advance,—the co-operation of equals. Men *are* brothers, and therefore equals,—not equal in ability (no two men, be they two capitalists or two laborers, are equals in that sense), but equals in right.

For idlers, socialism has less encouragement than the present order of society. It lays down as a fundamental principle, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," and applies this principle to all who are able to work, so that no man can lead a life of idleness and self-indulgence on the stored-up industry of father or grandfather. Each man must work according to his ability, that is, according to the powers God has given him. If he came into the world handicapped by physical, mental, or moral weakness, he should not, therefore, be given the harder task, the fewer advantages, the greater temptations,—he rather should be helped and taught, that in him or in his descendants this disability may be removed. There is no true progress which does not include all mankind. If for the next five hundred years not one invention or discovery was added to the sum of man's knowledge and power, and all the wisdom and skill and zeal of men were turned to bringing the masses of mankind up to the level of the more favored of our own time, it would be no era of loss. These five centuries would shine forth as the brightest in all human history, and from the vantage ground thus gained the race would go forward with an impetus beside which our present boasted progress would seem but a snail's pace.

Socialism is not absolute justice,—that would be too much to claim for anything of human devising,—but socialism is not a thing to be shuddered at and condemned unheard. It is a strong *plea* for justice,—a plea for the children robbed of their childhood in factory and mine, condemned to ignorance and depravity by the influences among which they are born and reared,—a plea for the homes bereft of the mother's presence and care, because only so can the children be clothed and fed,—a plea for the women who are driven to prostitution for lack of work which will support them,—a plea for the equal rights of all.

Only to the very rich man is the message of socialism a harsh one, and even to him, not so harsh as the words of Christ. To the rich young man Christ said: "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor; and come, take up the cross and follow me." The socialist invites no man to the life of poverty and hardship which Jesus led.

Over a hundred years ago, our own Benjamin Franklin said: "If every man did his share of labor, and wasted effort

were stopped, *four hours* labor a day would give to everybody all the wealth he could use."

LIDA MINNISS BROWN.

### Days of Quietness.

The seashore, the mountains, mineral springs and farm-houses throughout the country are being rapidly filled with people in search of health and rest ostensibly, often pleasure and excitement in reality. Having summered in all such places, fate has thrown us this year among scenes entirely new, and our fashion of seeking rest and health will at least have the merit of being unique.

We are right in the midst of the "piney woods" of North Carolina, on an elevated ridge, where the air is dry and bracing and where the cool breezes ever blow. Our grounds are simply a few acres of cleared land surrounded on all sides by the forest primeval. Whichever way we look giant pine trees, with the intervening spaces filled with oaks, meet the view. No other habitation is in sight, and we seldom see a passer-by. I fear I shall fail to describe our life so that the reader can get a true idea of its delightfulness, but will try.

We begin the day very early, awakened from sleep by the notes of the wood birds or the joyous song of a mocking bird, and before the freshness and coolness of the morning are gone the household work is performed and the husband is bidden good-by, as a certain office in the distance claims his attention through the day. Then there is a long, quiet, uninterrupted day before us, with time enough to do all we wish, or to leave undone whatever we are disinclined to do. Our life is one of leisure and rest. Imagine what that means to one who has always been hurried, who has had six things to do in the time needed for one, who has struggled ceaselessly to obtain bread and butter, who has felt guilty if every moment was not filled with work of some kind, and who, with all the need for doing, has been compelled to spend months on a bed of pain and weakness! Leisure and rest and health have we found in our hermit-like seclusion.

The long, bright days are spent in holding intercourse by means of the pen with distant friends; in reading whatever is light and amusing, without feeling conscience-stricken for not studying or improving our minds; in lying absolutely idle in the hammock looking up into the impenetrable blue heights of the sky, flecked with the fleeciery of clouds, or into the equally impenetrable green depths of the woods; listening to the soothing murmur of the wind through the pines, and to the tinkling of the oak leaves, which always reminds me of the tinkling of the golden bough which Æneas found—*Sic leni crepitabat bractea vento*; watching the graceful gyrations of the buzzards circling far above us; thinking thoughts too deep and tender for utterance; and drinking in the sweet, health-giving air with an ever-growing love to the Giver of all good. The good is so much more tangible than heretofore that our gratitude deepens in consequence.

The only real event, and about our only connection with the outside world, comes in the morning when the mail arrives; but when one lives so quietly it is surprising what trifles become momentous events. We watch with keen interest the efforts of a wasp which has killed a monster gray grasshopper that she is trying to take to her nest, probably for the nourishment of the larvæ. The grasshopper proves too burdensome, so she leaves it on the ground and seeks for her mate to assist her. He is nowhere to be found and she flies about in frantic dismay, accomplishing nothing. Before her recreant spouse returns the ever vigilant ants have discovered the prize, and in a few minutes myriads of these tiny creatures are at work to secure for themselves the wasp's unfortunate victim. They sever its legs, wings and head from the body, and detachments of them carry the various members to their underground residence. Our attention is then called off, but the next morning we notice that the ants are carrying away the very last portion of their stolen property. The birds, too, are ever interesting and diverting. We watch them building their nests and laugh as they struggle and pull at the southern moss growing on the trees, in their eagerness



to obtain pieces of it for lining their little abodes. To save our moss, which we have brought here, it not being native to this section, we put out strings for their birdships, which they joyously bear away. The growth of the flowers, vines and fruit trees is observed daily, and the wild flowers, many of them new to a northerner, are analyzed in a manner most unscientific, but sufficiently accurate to determine what they are.

And so, in dreaming and planning and hoping and growing in harmony with our Mother Nature, the warm, quiet hours slip away and almost before we know it the coolness of the evening is upon us. Then, away down the long avenue of trees a figure, dim in the distance, is seen, and we go forth into the dusk, down the green pathway to receive the welcoming kiss of the "gude man" as he returns home.

Arm in arm we walk back, talking of the happenings of the day, and after a light repast sit on the veranda and watch the stars shining with a soft brightness peculiar to the southern atmosphere. Bats flit in and out among the trees in search of insects, while the katydids and crickets sing soprano to the far-off bass notes of a choir of frogs. Anon the rich, melodious voice of a negro is heard singing a weird minor song as he wends his way to his cabin. We listen in speechless enjoyment until the last note dies on the air, and as the restfulness and peace of the evening envelop our bodies we lay them down to rest with hearts happy and trusting. Ere long the sweetest, soundest sleep creeps over our senses, and the almost undreamed-of luxury of a night's sleep, unbroken by wakeful hours or even moments, brings refreshment to mind and body.

On Sunday the programme is little changed, except that we have the company of the husband and father. There is no church to attend, but devotional reading, worshipful thoughts and the singing of the sweet old-fashioned hymns, so fitted to our surroundings, makes the day different from the others and satisfying to our spiritual natures.

The heat might be unpleasant were it not for the never-failing cool breezes. Moreover, being so far removed from the world of fashion and conventionality, the simplest, thinnest garments are worn, and we vex not ourselves to concoct divers dyspeptic dishes for the table. A plain diet in which milk, fruit and vegetables are prominent adds both to our healthfulness and comfort.

Lonely we seldom are; although we enjoy social intercourse, it is sometimes good to be away from people; to be free from the work, responsibilities, petty jealousies, gossip and strife of the world. Some day we shall go back to the conflict of life with tempers sweetened, bodies strengthened, hearts softened and souls enlarged; but never shall we lose from our memories the peace, quiet and helpfulness of these long, beautiful, care-free, summer days.

JULIA W. GOODRIDGE.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

### Address of Rabbi Iliowizi at Dedication of Unitarian Church of Minneapolis.

If one of our forefathers, who died at the beginning of this century, would on a sudden appear among the living and look bewildered with amazement at the great industrial, social, political and other changes the march of civilization has brought about, what great achievement could we point to and exclaim, "Did you ever dream, O sire, that this would come to pass?" Some years ago a prominent Englishman said that, under similar circumstances, he would pick up a copy of the *London Times* and say: "Here is the wonder of wonders." And wonderful it is to contemplate that daily product of literary genius and mechanical skill mirroring, as it does, the world's history of each day. Yet it appears to me there is a greater wonder which may justly be considered the triumph of triumphs, and that is the dawn of the realization of that sweet prophetic dream, that heavenly vision that tells of a blessed age when "the wolf shall dwell with the sheep, the lion with the fatling" and when the "earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as waters cover the sea." This denomi-

nation with the monotheistic, humanitarian ideal before them, this beautiful plan of worship with no idolatrous image, no heathen rite to defy the letter and the spirit of the Decalogue; this cultured audience whose eyes are beaming "peace on earth and good will to all men," the representatives of the great Universalist church, the fearless expounders of Unitarian thought, and myself, the humble representative of the hoary mother religion, who am here to fraternize with the youngest of her noblest offsprings, are all proofs that the prophetic vision is being realized, and that the dark ages are gone, gone let us hope forever. Let the Old World not smile at the multiplicity of denominations in this free continent. They are the blossoms of liberty, the healthiest symptoms of a nation's life whose mind is unchained, whose beacon is thought, and whose aspiration, whose treasure, is independence. The darkest era of Christianity embraces all those ages during which it has been identified with but one denomination—catholicism. The first split in the ranks of that powerful, ostentatious church was the first rent in the horizon hitherto black with the clouds of barbarism, ignorance, superstition, hatred and oppression. The human mind, so long sterile under the withering breath of a baneful priest craft, in the new rays of freedom's smiling sun began to unbosom its latent, godlike fertility. Thought has wings, and, like the mythical wind, once freed invades and sweeps the whole face of the earth.

Christianity once divided continued to subdivide and ramify, each succeeding branch being an improvement on the one that gave it birth, until the two youngest and noblest twigs, Universalism and Unitarianism, came to light.

Yea, progressive Israel looks at you as the cream of Christianity, as the worthy ideal scions of ideal Judaism, children of whom the eternal mother need not be ashamed. Do not consider it a slight compliment to be thus cordially recognized by that proud, invincible race, who, in the long career of its tragic history, did never, never condescend to bow before heathen pomp or greatness, whether enthroned in Constantinople or worshiped in Rome, but having spun the celestial thread out of which the world's ideals are woven, was, like the silk worm, ever ready to die rather than betray its sacred trust. We recognize you because you do not misinterpret our prophecy, you do not break our Decalogue, save the Sabbath, which the future will restore to its original sanctity. We recognize you because your hands are not reeking with another's blood; there is no dark page in your history. We recognize you because our mission is almost identical. We preach the love and brotherhood of all men, and the unity of God. On our banner is written: "Truth, charity and peace." For these we are living, for these we are striving. Our phalanx is small, compared with the dark powers we are confronting, but the spirit of the Lord is upon us, and Samson-like we battle with the Philistines. It is now our turn to be aggressive, but neither the sword, nor the rack, nor the stake are our weapons. We smite with "the breath of the lips," we conquer with the spirit. I am convinced that from this house of worship more good will spring, more light will emanate than from churches many times larger and richer than yours, because you are marching abreast with the age; you are appealing to the sound common sense of the times, while the others are centuries behind this period of reason. You are talking to the living, they to the dead; you promise salvation to all good men, they have perdition for the majority of the human race.

Ignorance, fanaticism, and hypocrisy are evil powers no Alcides, no Theseus could strangle. Their vitality is appalling. Time and light, that have caused chaos to recede, will destroy these sad relics of barbarism that are still a barrier to the development of healthy thought, to the progress of civilization. Time and light being our co-workers, whom should we fear? That light, pure ethereal light, may not be wanting in this quarter of our glorious country, God has caused His people to build Him a temple, the Universalists to build grand churches, and now this city is enriched by this solid, magnificent edifice, which by Heaven's grace will, like the trunk of the banyan



tree, become the focus of many similar places radiating light and hope to benighted man.

### Beyond the Human.

Lo! evermore the mystery of Life  
Encompasseth the world! Lo! evermore  
The finite, baffled, seeks the infinite.  
The tear-loved sphere whirls ever on through space,  
And answerless the human questions fall  
To earth, or pierce the great beyond unheard.  
Lo! every heart has reared its Babel to  
The skies, while deed and hope with pigmy strokes  
Have thought to build beyond the flooded world—  
Have sought to stand upon some topmost point  
While all the whirl of waters 'neath assailed  
No more the being lifted by a hope  
Of God-like power to ask the *why* of God.

EUGENE ASHTON.

### Funerals and Officiating Ministers.

They are both necessary, and the first is inevitable. They usually go together. Some funerals dispense with formal services, or a layman speaks an oration, or the mourners meet and lay away their own dead in silence. Generally the feeling in a Christian land is in the direction of some formality and a clergyman to lead the services; anything else would seem a little off color and to be deplored. As to what minister shall officiate there is but one party to say, namely, the chief mourners, the family of the deceased, unless, as is not infrequently the case, the request of the dead had been made for some particular parson to preside. It is a part of the regular pastor's work and duty to do this service, and where there is a pastor, he is the one thought of at once. And yet, if he should be a new man, and the deceased was well known by a former pastor, that pastor may be called to *assist* in the services, although he may have most to do and say. It is a courtesy due the regular pastor to conduct funerals in his own parish, even though but little acquainted with the deceased, unless a request had been otherwise made, and nothing, in such a case, is to be thought strange of it. But the family can always have their wishes respected by consulting with the pastor. It is a very unnecessary and discourteous thing to send out of town for a minister to attend a funeral of a member of a parish with a settled pastor, and not invite that pastor to be present and perhaps take some part. Sometimes it is a fashion, as in other things, and to have a "big funeral," as the Catholics say, is a passion for some people, and Doctor A. or Professor B., or some noted man, is invited to officiate. It is all right to send for any one who is a friend of the deceased, but that need not be done without consulting the regular pastor first and letting him know the wishes of the family, precisely as may happen in the matter of weddings; but in either case the way is plain to a courteous man or woman, and the pastor cannot be ignored without chagrin to the pastor and his family, and without the breaking of all rules of courtesy on the part of the other parties concerned. Understand me, I do not say that this neglect and discourtesy is always meant, but it really has no excuse to the kind and the naturally courteous. The parties must have the man they want; that is right and well; but when another's official work is assumed, let him have as little cause to complain as possible.

There is another point quite as important in the matter of some funerals as that of the officiating clergyman; I refer to the compensation. This is a delicate matter, and one that needs light to many who do not act, or act unadvisedly from ignorance of what to do. There are few cases where the pastor of a church ever expects pay for services at a funeral. He always expects it at weddings; that is his and his only perquisite; but at funerals of his own people only when he is called out of town, or is put to any cost. His time must be thrown in as belonging to the parish. Not infrequently, in

the case of rich people, a present of fifty or a hundred dollars from the family he serves is given to him in a quiet way, perhaps ostensibly for special acts of kindness, or as a recognition of friendship. This ought to be much oftener than it is to offset some things not so pleasant, as I will presently state. But here is a funeral in a family where there is no pastor. If a minister in town of another church is asked to officiate, he expects nothing and does it as a matter of courtesy to the society or the family, and yet a five dollar bill, or even more, if the family is well to do, should be sent to him through the undertaker, or directly from the family, with a note of thanks for the service, which is the much finer way of procedure. The same should be done in the absence of the regular pastor.

Then again for that large class of persons who have no minister or church, and never pay anything for the support of religion, what shall they do about getting a minister to officiate at a funeral? Yet the man they think they should like, or want, and of course always pay him handsomely for it, not by asking him how much he will settle for, or want, but by sending or giving it to him in an envelope, considering that they can afford to be generous, since they have no pew rents to pay as do others; and also take into account his time and the distance and his expense in getting there. Let me be very plain in this matter, and say that perhaps, from ignorance of what is proper and just in such cases, the officiating clergymen at funerals of non-attendants are often treated very meanly. I could write pages, and almost books, of cases of gross treatment of that class of people supposed always ready and willing to serve the living and the dead, where there is no shadow of obligation, and no thought that compensation is as obligatory as that of the shroud maker or the undertaker. A minister told me the other day of having driven in a snow storm forty miles among the hills and in the cold of New Hampshire to attend the funeral of a man, well-to-do and a stranger, and with hardly a thank'ee, and no more.

Another hired a team, drove five miles and officiated at a funeral in a family of rich farmers, all strangers to him. In about a year, one of the family called on this same clergyman to marry him, and before leaving asked him, "What the legal fee was." The reply he got was that he did not know, but that he read the other evening of an Episcopal clergyman in Salem who, for marrying a couple got a check for a thousand dollars, but that all did not fare as well. He came, however, with his bride and planked down a five dollar bill, but forgot to pay the funeral bill. He did, however, going out of the door, mention it, saying that he had heard that there was some expense by way of a team, in attending the funeral, and had his hand on his pocketbook, when the minister said that he never set any price on such services, when his hand let the pocketbook down into its greedy pocket, never to come out again, although the parson added, but if "I go to any expense I am always willing that should be paid." There ought not to be this ignorance on so important matters as these. Here is a man who, though of the officiating minister's faith, but not an attendant or a supporter of his church, has no claims upon his services, and should pay him, and, if rich, handsomely, for attendance at funerals. If he is the man to be buried; his friends, employing a clergyman, whose salary he does not help pay, should pay for that service as a matter of course. Some of the family may go to his church, but that is not enough; or he may simply be called in to assist another clergyman who is his minister, it matters not, he is entitled to pay, and should get it, and sometimes does, but generally not from rich families. To my own knowledge there are some exceptions, and I will say that a little over a year ago I received twenty-five dollars from the widow of the man I buried, who belonged to a church of another denomination, and the first time I saw her afterwards she said, "I have not paid you enough," and gave me ten dollars more, which gift is repeated from time to time. I shall not tell you how others have treated me in similar cases, but you would not believe me were I to tell you. Now, if any one reads this paper and feels condemned, I advise you, be it late, to



rectify the matter by sending the officiating and unpaid pastor a generous fee, if you are able, or send it to his wife, who is tugging away in the kitchen, to help her to a servant, and to save her from working off her fingers and the bloom of her cheeks. Send it as a matter of *justice*. And especially you rich folks, think of getting out of paying a funeral debt, and to a minister upon whom you have not the least claim. One hundred, two hundred thousand dollars, and the gravedigger paid, the florist paid, perhaps a hundred dollars, fifteen or thirty hacks, possibly a reporter to take down the remarks, but not a dollar for the pastor, or rather for the clergyman, who was not, and never had been his pastor, and who is still wondering how people can be so thoughtless or so mean. I am willing to be the martyr to bear the burden of this utterance, and I can do it better for UNITY than you western folks, and I shall not be suspected of being personally concerned in this matter of unmet justice away off here to the east, as no one here, perhaps, takes your paper (I am sorry if it is so), so it cannot be too plain speech for me who have for twenty odd years been attending to ministerial duties, and have fared, I venture to say, as well as the best, in the matter of officiating at funerals outside of my parish, or of persons supporting no church. And I hope this word will do good, and instruct the ignorant of what is proper. For no one should oblige or tempt the minister to send a bill for services rendered at funerals, since it is a delicate thing to do. I am perfectly willing to have this paper quoted far and near.

A. J. R.

### THE STUDY TABLE.

*In Thoughts from the Visions of the Night.* By M. S. Paden. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street; paper, 5¼x6¼ inches, pp. 16, 20 cents.

This poem is a rumination suggested by the words of Job which form its title. It is in rhyme, the quatrain form prevailing. Its thought is purely Christian. One very rarely sees a poem of modern production with a text for a title which is worth reading; but Miss Paden's is not only worth reading but worth *memorizing* also, both for its religious or spiritual value and its poetical quality. In our opinion, "H. H." (who has been accounted the first female poet of this country) never produced a religious poem so thoroughly acceptable as this. While quite H. H.'s equal in poetic power, Miss Paden is more artistic in her expression than was she. We are aware that this is saying much; but much requires to be said. There are not half a dozen men in America who are writing poetry as strong, uniformly, as that which Miss Paden is writing; and strength is a quality greatly to be desired in modern verse. May it not be long before we have a volume of this poet's writings!

E. R. C.

*German Novelettes.* For School and Home. Selected from the best Modern Writers, with Etymological, Grammatical and Explanatory notes. By Dr. William Bernhardt. Volume I. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This carefully edited, beautifully printed, German reader for the school and home contains five pretty stories, and will no doubt be found very useful. The idea of the series is to furnish persons who have acquired some ability in reading German just the right sort of short stories to afford them the needed practice in the language.

*Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County. A Novel of Western Life.* By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In this book, as in "The Story of a Country Town," and others whose number is growing, we have "realism" applied to a phase of western pioneer life but lately past, and it is safe to say that it is a genuine contribution toward the American Novel, for which we are told we are waiting. The author,

who appears to be a new candidate for literary honors, has written a book that will attract attention as original, and smacking of the soil. Besides its racy delineations of character in a new and crude civilization, the motive or moral of the book seems to be the tracing of how, under the pressure of circumstances, avarice is developed and a miser *made*,—and, happily in this case, un-made at last.

F. K. G.

*Profit Sharing.* By N. O. Nelson, St. Louis, Mo.

Three good articles reprinted from the *Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, Mo., to which is added an essay entitled, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" The aim of the little pamphlet is to advocate profit-sharing, on which point it gives valuable information. There are some documents at the end headed "No Longer an Experiment," which show that the author himself has adopted in his own business, with happy results, the just and wise principle which he advocates. We commend the little pamphlet for its large, brotherly spirit, for the information gathered in a small space, and for its wisdom.

### THE HOME.

#### The Lad and the Lapis.

AN ALLEGORY.

Many years ago a simple-minded youth possessed of some wealth resolved to increase his revenue by shrewd investments. This determination reaching the ears of interested friends was hailed by them with joyous acclamations and subtle arguments. "Now this youth is silly enough to share whatever he possesses with us, consequently any sudden prosperity awaiting him will be as freely bestowed upon his friends as heretofore, and it is of the utmost importance that he should be rightly counseled how and where to invest his money."

Whereupon, with one accord, they immediately hastened to the lad, and after much persuasion induced the simpleton to invest his property in a mine of apparently inexhaustible wealth. He staked his all and lost. Such a terrible misfortune drove the poor fellow frantic, and for years he wandered aimlessly over the earth, a broken-hearted, dispirited mortal.

One day he found himself far away from the busy world, in a desert place of sand and stone. Not a sound to be heard, save the beating of his own rebellious heart, not a face to be seen save the reflection, in a little pool of water at his feet, of his own unhappy features. He sat down upon a slight elevation of sand and began to toy idly with the soil by his side, recalling the happy hours thus spent in his innocent boyhood as he sifted the grains through his fingers into tiny mounds and miniature gardens. He remembered with a momentary gleam of pleasure his boyish delight at the sight of any pretty colored pebbles brought to light by his little hands and treasured as something very wonderful until discarded for those still more marvellous in his childish eyes. While indulging in these peaceful thoughts he picked up a bit of stone, and mechanically putting it in his pocket, resumed his tiresome journey over the barren moor, till at length worn and jaded he threw himself at the foot of a rocky hill and fell asleep.

But his rest was broken and disturbed by fearful dreams; strange voices laughed and jeered at him, and he seemed to be constantly struggling with unseen foes. In his desperation he jumped up from the hard couch and striking his hands violently upon the rough ledge, awoke. A confused clamor at first sounded in his ears; then a tone clear and distinct above all others shouted to the bewildered dreamer. "Look at your pebble, silly boy!" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and lo! in place of the useless bauble he had put there the night before, he beheld a rare and costly gem. Wonder stricken, he laid it upon his open palm where it appeared to nestle coyly 'neath his earnest gaze, irradiating the gloom surrounding him with its clear, pure rays. A long, long time the youth stood entranced at the sight of this dazzling jewel, until by degrees the soft and tender glow reached up and en-



circled his cold, hungry heart with a sympathetic beam of warmth and brightness.

Overcome with joy and admiration he fell upon his knees, and pressing the priceless treasure to his bosom thanked God for the gift so miraculously sent him. Then arising from the ground refreshed and strengthened, determined now to wrestle with adversity, he retraced his steps and mingled once more in the noisy whirl of life. Holding the pebble tightly clasped within his palm, he roamed from place to place in search of work. Obtaining employment of the humblest kind he often faltered and stumbled on his way, many times strongly tempted to give up the fight; whenever this weakness came upon him, he retired to some quiet spot and gazing upon his jewel drew fresh courage from its cheering light. Every night he placed this talisman upon his pillow, and resting his tired head upon it gained fresh inspiration for the waking hours. And the youth increased in stature far beyond his fellow-men; they marvelled at his strength and spoke of his manly virtue, none knew of the secret power within his grasp, none dreamed of the glory of his vision—"Though all men have the key to this casket few possess the skill to open it."

J. M. F.

### How To Keep a Secret.

#### I.

"In violet," my mamma says  
A secret should be kept;  
I heard her say to papa  
Last night before I slept.  
I heard her talking in my room  
With papa, soft and low,  
'Secrets are kept in violet,'  
And I'm so glad to know;  
For I have the loveliest secret  
I want to talk about,  
Of course I can't tell any one,  
Lest it should be let out.  
But I can tell the violets,"—  
She darted down the walk,  
"You see, they're just the very ones,  
For violets don't talk."  
The violets heard a whisper,  
A murmur soft and low,  
Then warningly she ended with  
"You mustn't tell, you know."

#### II.

I knew her small first finger-tip  
Was scarred with needle pricks,  
And that something was often brought  
For dear mamma to fix.  
And on my birthday by my plate  
A handkerchief I found,  
All snowy white and neatly hemmed  
With tiny stitches round.  
'Tis yours," she cried; "I was so 'fraid  
I could not get it done.  
See all the stitches round the edge,  
I hemmed them every one.  
It was a secret; no one knew,  
'Cept mamma and the violets,  
'Twas being done for you."

"'Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed  
Her shining curls of gold;  
And it was kept *inviolata*,  
For not a violet told.—*Young Folks.*

## THEODORE PARKER'S

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## UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

## Faith.

A SERMON BY REV. G. W. BUCKLEY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

"Trust in the Lord and do good."—*Psalms*."Believe and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care."—*Emerson*.

The word faith is one of the oldest and most significant in human speech. Its parentage is traced back as far as the very ancient Hindoo word "srad-dha," belief in the unseen. The Romans had "credo," from which comes our own creed. It has been invested with much mystery and undergone varied interpretation. What religious faith signifies to any age marks the intellectual and moral height of that age. It evidently is a variable quantity with the individual and the race. It is not the same in youth as in middle life; not the same, socially, in the morn as in the noontide of civilization. It is not the same in the same age with the priest as with the prophet; with the highest intellects and the multitude; not the same with the Israelites, relapsing into idolatry of the golden calf, so soon as Moses is absent, as with the great law-giver himself. Again, it is not the same with Moses as with Jesus; not the same with the church of St. Paul as that of the middle ages; nor with the Protestant churches of the reformation as with those of to-day.

The early son of earth will point to sacrifice, and offerings, and prayer, and various performances as evidencing faith. This is the ritual faith. Later faith becomes an intellectual condition. It takes the form of assent to human dogmas about the unknowable. This is the theological faith. Still later it takes the shape of a moral condition of the soul to be evidenced by rectitude of life. Faith becomes ethical.

But howsoever external and savage the worship, it was once the projection of the human soul; arose as high as the general condition would permit; was related to its needs as the environment of the lowest organism is to the organs. Time was when the shedding of blood on the altar of sacrifice was perhaps as sincere an offering to God as we may now believe the shedding tears of a "broken and contrite heart."

The history of mankind has familiarized us with the rising of individual genius above the age. As mountain peaks push up into an atmosphere much rarer than that of the plain, so there are souls which ascend to inspiration far purer than that of their contemporaries. They seem to be trustees of the great I Am, appointed to receive the statutes of truth and love; statutes flexible enough to provide for the infinite possibilities of the race. History has also acquainted us with this important fact, that the teachings or faith of these Alpine heights of religious consciousness undergo subsequent perversion and distortion, through ambitious children of organization, until, could they return to earth, each would indignantly "profess unto them," in the words of Jesus, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." When the seer has gone, then the organizer and theologian comes—after Jesus, St. Paul; after St. Paul, Tertullian, Athanasius, Augustin. The sublimest affirmations of the spirit in flesh descending through smaller souls take their coloring, as the pearly rain-drops the impurity of each stratum of air through which they fall to earth. In time we have the superstition of the Catholic church of the middle ages, or the savagery of Calvinism.

The truth as it appears to Buddha, after his death, is presented as canonical scriptures, and upon these are built church discipline, and huge commentaries. Buddha becomes an idolized personality, worshiped as God, with increase of rites and ceremonies to clog the spirit. The religion of Zoroaster likewise loses its high character. By the third century of our era there were no less than seventy Persian sects, each claiming authority from the teachings of the Master. Artaxerxes, like another Constantine, assembled a general council of the

Magi to fix definite articles of Zoroastrian faith. Conformity to these was then sought by prohibition of every other worship, by persecution of the adherents of foreign religion and the heretics at home.

The simple faith of Jesus in God, and the ideals of right, which had existed from the beginning, early began to sink behind an idolatrous worship of his own personality. St. Paul, with his great theological and organizing genius, inaugurated the movement away from the universal religion of the Master. Notwithstanding the frequent prominence given to the essentiality of practicing truth, righteousness and love, the saving faith ever involved with him the personal mediation of Jesus.

Paul had a profoundly earnest, and, to no small degree, catholic mind. He seems to have had much regard for individual liberty of conscience; but his subtle dialectics, especially about vicarious atonement and election, are the fountain-head of most of the theological controversy of after centuries. However, the early Christians generally made their lives stand for a higher faith than intellectual assent to propositions about the divine plan. They did, indeed, live by faith; for in the midst of a corrupt empire they exhibited a brotherly love, a meekness of spirit, a devotion to principle, a purity of life, seldom, if ever, surpassed for any considerable time by so large a sect of men.

But this faith faded away under the blighting influence of augmented power and wealth. It grew more and more dogmatic, signifying some opinion about Christ. There was Arianism, a near relative of modern Unitarianism. This found an opposite extreme in patripassianism; and ranged between these two were various other issues concerning the nature of Christ.

Thus we have, as in the history of the Persian religion, conflicting divisions in the church; and the opinion grows that uniformity in belief and worship is essential. Thence come different councils or synods with their authoritative promulgations of what *shall be* believed, until in 451 the council of Chalcedon declares as final the christology of the church to be Trinitarian.

Faith now becomes assent to what the church prescribes as the revealed truth of the Bible. One dogma is piled upon another, to obscure heaven's true light. But valiant Luther, wrestling with the devil in his cell at Erfurth, perceived that all the popes and cardinals on earth could not determine a lie to be truth. With him, and yet more with Calvin, faith, though still theological, stood more for an inner condition and less for outward performance. However, Luther, grand soul though he were, while protesting against the authority of Rome, appears the uncompromising stickler for subscription to propositions no enlightened protestant pulpit maintains to-day. The transubstantiation of the Catholic church—how absurd say we. But is it much more absurd than Luther's consubstantiation? The noble Swiss, Zwingli, more modern, proclaimed the bread and wine to be merely symbols; and for this difference of opinion Luther refused fellowship with him.

Notwithstanding the diversity of creed the Reformation brought about, the faith that saves must needs be theological,—assent to the declared opinion of some body of men about the divine discipline. Luther is credited with saying: "Hast thou sinned, then believe. Yea sin boldly, still more boldly believe. Though thou hast committed murder a hundred times, only believe a hundred times more."

Let us present again the three stages of faith in this wise: First, belief that there is a God, expressing itself through the early ritualism of sacrifice, offerings, and various objective forms. Second, belief about God, expressing itself through theology, or the authoritative opinions of a priesthood. Third, belief in God, expressing itself through the ethics of righteous being. This latter is the faith "*formata*," which is love and virtue.

The vast majority in Christendom have not yet outgrown the second stage. A few, rapidly becoming many, have caught the sweeter "incense of the breezy morn" of that final faith of "freedom, fellowship and character in religion."



Into the literature and the public worship of the day it is breathing itself more and more. The work to be done now is to transmute dogmatic faith into moral faith—transmute the faith in salvation through a particular belief about God, about one of his sons, about one of his inspired books, into faith in the saving power of a virtuous activity of the soul. In the spirit of the prophet, when he indignantly cried out in the name of the Lord, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?" Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Wash you, make you clean, cease to do evil, learn to do right,—in that spirit, the prophet of these days proclaims: "To what purpose are your confusing and unthinkable dogmas—your middle-aged, sixteenth century, or eighteenth century, theology? Make clean the heart within; wash in the everlasting fount of truth and love. Do any of the beatitudes of Jesus declare: Blessed are the Trinitarians, or the Unitarians; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after theology; blessed are the merciless; blessed are the war-makers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for theology's sake? Nay,—but blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

So anxious has the selfish heart of man been to be saved and rewarded, that he must needs invent a scheme whereby may be cast upon one the burdens of all. Thus shall A escape the penalty of his lesser goodness, through greater goodness on the part of B. We have been far more anxious to be saved than to earn the right to be saved. Fenerbach may almost be forgiven for pronouncing the essence of religion to be covetousness.

Our whole civilization has been materialized by poverty of spiritual faith. In the disposition to look for reward and happiness to outward agencies, heaven itself has been a place for distributing among the saints the sinners' comforts and enjoyments on earth. Christian churches can be counted by thousands and thousands in the land; but need we better evidence of the want of true faith than the spectacle of mad gain, of unbridled cupidity, which we must bear witness to for several decades of political and social existence? We have faith in matter, not in spirit; faith in physical, not moral law; faith in the conservation of material, not of spiritual force; faith in steam, electricity and dollars, not in honesty, truth and love; faith in acts of congress, in protective tariffs, more than in the laws of God, and honest days' works. We have faith in temporary shifts and sharp practices, as though we could evade right and somehow escape the penalty. In private and public life; in business and politics, our conduct is dictated by immediate and not ultimate ends, by the evanescent interests of a brief existence on earth rather than by the enduring interests of life eternal in the universe, somehow and somewhere. A low ethics in the competition of private business is applied to the economy of a great state. Smartness in the politician magnetizes the voter more than goodness. National wealth, rather than national virtue, is the end of our policy. The true grandeur of the nation is not what Charles Sumner eloquently proclaimed it to be, the dispensation of justice, but the procurement of a surplus revenue. European war with murder and rapine is preferable to peace, if believed to increase the sale of our grain and wares. The balance of trade is infinitely more important than the balance of right. We have heard from the newspapers how the chaplain in the House of Congress in his opening prayer "thanked God that our silver and gold had multiplied;" but no report has yet come of thanks given for increased faith in the ideals of virtue, which live to perish never, whatsoever become of the surplus; whatsoever the rise and fall of empires in the womb of time.

The faith in monopoly and unjust combination, in craft and overreaching, is the faith that destroys, instead of building up, a nation—destroys the very ones themselves most actuated by it. The love of dollars and power rather than mankind early sowed the dragon's teeth from which have sprung a crop of evil agencies, hostile to our material, intellectual

and spiritual development. In politics this moral skepticism has manifested itself in what log-rolling and bribery, what perjury, deceit and circumvention; what absenteeism; swapping and purchasing of votes; false representations of the conditions and needs of private enterprises; cunning and misleading adjustments of duties for special favor! What tortuosity of conduct and impairment of usefulness has it not caused to some of the most gifted of our statesmen?

The skepticism of moral cowardice and un-self-reliance seems to have enfeebled our whole civilization. Our education fails to instruct the young how to meet the highest responsibilities of life with the courage that overcomes resistances, and the resignation that submits without sulking complaint to the inevitable. The boys and girls have unusual metal who graduate from our schools and colleges fit for anything more than dress parade. The large majority of them have imbibed the idea that to get on in the world with the least possible work and discomfort is the end of life. The road to success commences with them at the top round of the ladder, rather than at the bottom; and if not started from the top they think themselves wronged, lose heart, sit down and rail at the world.

Our religion has been a burden-shifting theology, providing salvation by the easier way of dogma and rite, than that of unremitted striving of the spirit to overcome the flesh. There has been no end of professed belief about God; but practically we have acted as atheists. A New York financier is reported to have exclaimed on being reproached with sharp practice in Wall street: "Up town I endeavor to do my duty to God, the church and my family; but down town I have to take care of myself."

Because new churches are being built; because there may be religious revivals and more members added to the rolls; because some evangelists draw large crowds to their entertainments—does it signify a revival of spiritual faith in society, an outgoing of the human heart toward God, in a deeper love and practice of the moral verities? May it not rather indicate a revival of interest in the curious and antique; a revival of desire for social advantages; a revival of pride in church architecture? In the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians held a festival of homage to Apollo. The island of Delos was consecrated by the removal of all coffins containing human remains, and ancient observances of worship were revived. Nevertheless, there existed at Athens widespread impiety and self-seeking materialism.

And now let the central thought of the hour be this: the faith to be preached and practiced in these generations of men is faith in the moral sentiment, the voice of God in the soul, faith in the triumph of right over wrong, which makes our lives a daily song of the ideal world yet to come; which moulds us into justice, truth and love, bringing harmony with nature, man and God.

Faith is virtuous thought translated into action. Faith is that reverence for our higher selves which makes us doers as well as hearers of the word. Herbert Spencer maintains that the growth of an organism depends on the adjustment of internal processes to external processes. Well, let us say the growth of the soul is in proportion to the adjustment of the outward life to the moral sentiment. According to diversities of character, this moral sentiment in different individuals must needs express itself by different works. Only let it consecrate us in the direction of our bent. Have we a genius for trade, commerce, manufacturing, agriculture, building, invention; for law, medicine, divinity, teaching, journalism, literature, music or what not—let us be more intent on the merit of our work than the wages thereof. Whether employer or employe, whether leader or led, let the end be moral—the transmutation of the work and the dollars into better character and the amelioration of mankind; into charities for needy sons and daughters of earth, asylums, reformatories, home missions, educational institutions—into various deeds of love and instrumentalities for preventing and alleviating suffering, and promoting virtue among men.

Through the conscience, God declares himself to us not less in the market place than the church. We can worship



Him as truly, yea, more truly, in every honest transaction, in every errand of mercy, every kind word and act, every dispensation of justice, every allegiance to truth, in every self-renunciation, or virtuous aspiration,—more truly than in hymn singing, or praying, or preaching. The latter worship is only the means; the former is the end. May the one be an inspiration to the other unto salvation!

In place of the departing enthusiasm for a personal mediator to save us, we must have an enthusiasm for the eternal attributes of goodness, in fidelity to which Jesus offered the sacrifice of his young and richly endowed life. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another." This is the working faith.

But there is also a passive faith, the faith of resignation, which shall greatly bless us, if happily we do find it. I do not mean that submissive fatalism which influences man to readily succumb to circumstance; but that sweet resignation which reconciles to the sorrows and adversities common to the lot of man, that sublime trust in the beneficence of God, which causes the soul to sink self in the vaster self of the universe, to subserve willingly its high end in the great sweep Godward. This is the faith which lives by adversity not less than by prosperity; which translates all sorrow and resistance into angels of God; which finds nourishment unto purification even in the death of the fairest flower of the household. This is the faith to walk under "sorrow's fire-whip," and believe it swung by the hand of God, lash us in whatsoever form it may—in death, in physical infirmity, in the limitations or resistances of heredity and outward circumstance, in the misunderstanding, betrayal or unjust censure of friends, in revilement and persecution for righteousness' sake. "By faith we understand, that the worlds have been framed by the word of God;" therefore would we have this faith most difficult to acquire, the faith that cries out "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him;" "my strength and my Redeemer."

This working, submissive faith it is which makes saviors of the race; which will make saviors out of any of us in proportion as we have it. It is a transforming power. The soul that waxes strong in it is glorified and doth glorify. As the sun illuminates the physical world, producing such multiform growth, utility and beauty, so does this faith illuminate the soul, generating growth, and usefulness, and holiness among men. It transfigures the world without into poetry, truth and love. It is the harmonizer of self and the world; the subjecter of appetite and passion to the spiritual law. It is, indeed, what St. Paul defines it, "The giving of substance to things hoped for; the proving of things not seen;" for it beholds face to face the ideal future, and strives to make it into the present flesh. By this faith the just do live and attain immortality, for they "see," with the psalmist, "the end of perfection." The storm-cloud cannot be so thick but hope's telescope shall pierce it.

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In varied forms and degrees has this faith been exemplified on earth—in the resignation and virtue of Epictetus under the lash of slavery; in the patience and purity of Marcus Aurelius, in his daily striving for self-mastery amid the temptations of absolute power in a corrupt age; in the saintly Fenelon, walking unspotted and loving in the immoral, hypocritical and skeptical court of Louis XIV; in Channing's piety and devotion to duty through many years of physical suffering; in the philanthropy of Wilberforce or Florence Nightingale; in the moral statesmanship of Solon, Cato, Gladstone, Sumner; in

the steadfast service of human rights in the face of obloquy of Roger Williams, of Garrison, of Lincoln.

This is the faith which carries the crosses, and leads to the crosses of the world; which Socrates taught to the Greeks, and brought him the hemlock; which Jesus published to the Jews, and brought him the agony of Gethsemane; which made Saint Paul, and many another soul, count his thorn in the flesh for the glory of God. This is the old and the new faith that shall come again to baptize man unto eternal life. This is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter of Jesus, which shall return to sit in tongues of fire on the justified when his personality no longer overshadows our worship.

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In the same way, every progressive mind has a right to change in opinion; indeed, progress, in its very nature, implies change. And the earlier a child is taught to consider the opinions of others as not infallible, and to *think out* his own, the sooner he will be intelligently free—*i.e.*, capable of choice, in which alone is freedom. No mind is free as long as it unhesitatingly accepts the opinion of any other without thought.

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HENDERSON, KY., July 25th, 1887.

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Into the literature and the public worship of the day it is breathing itself more and more. The work to be done now is to transmute dogmatic faith into moral faith—transmute the faith in salvation through a particular belief about God, about one of his sons, about one of his inspired books, into faith in the saving power of a virtuous activity of the soul. In the spirit of the prophet, when he indignantly cried out in the name of the Lord, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?" Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Wash you, make you clean, cease to do evil, learn to do right,—in that spirit, the prophet of these days proclaims: "To what purpose are your confusing and unthinkable dogmas—your middle-aged, sixteenth century, or eighteenth century, theology? Make clean the heart within; wash in the everlasting fount of truth and love. Do any of the beatitudes of Jesus declare: Blessed are the Trinitarians, or the Unitarians; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after theology; blessed are the merciless; blessed are the war-makers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for theology's sake? Nay,—but blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

So anxious has the selfish heart of man been to be saved and rewarded, that he must needs invent a scheme whereby may be cast upon one the burdens of all. Thus shall A escape the penalty of his lesser goodness, through greater goodness on the part of B. We have been far more anxious to be saved than to earn the right to be saved. Fenerbach may almost be forgiven for pronouncing the essence of religion to be covetousness.

Our whole civilization has been materialized by poverty of spiritual faith. In the disposition to look for reward and happiness to outward agencies, heaven itself has been a place for distributing among the saints the sinners' comforts and enjoyments on earth. Christian churches can be counted by thousands and thousands in the land; but need we better evidence of the want of true faith than the spectacle of mad gain, of unbridled cupidity, which we must bear witness to for several decades of political and social existence? We have faith in matter, not in spirit; faith in physical, not moral law; faith in the conservation of material, not of spiritual force; faith in steam, electricity and dollars, not in honesty, truth and love; faith in acts of congress, in protective tariffs, more than in the laws of God, and honest days' works. We have faith in temporary shifts and sharp practices, as though we could evade right and somehow escape the penalty. In private and public life; in business and politics, our conduct is dictated by immediate and not ultimate ends, by the evanescent interests of a brief existence on earth rather than by the enduring interests of life eternal in the universe, somehow and somewhere. A low ethics in the competition of private business is applied to the economy of a great state. Smartness in the politician magnetizes the voter more than goodness. National wealth, rather than national virtue, is the end of our policy. The true grandeur of the nation is not what Charles Sumner eloquently proclaimed it to be, the dispensation of justice, but the procurement of a surplus revenue. European war with murder and rapine is preferable to peace, if believed to increase the sale of our grain and wares. The balance of trade is infinitely more important than the balance of right. We have heard from the newspapers how the chaplain in the House of Congress in his opening prayer "thanked God that our silver and gold had multiplied;" but no report has yet come of thanks given for increased faith in the ideals of virtue, which live to perish never, whatsoever become of the surplus; whatsoever the rise and fall of empires in the womb of time.

The faith in monopoly and unjust combination, in craft and overreaching, is the faith that destroys, instead of building up, a nation—destroys the very ones themselves most actuated by it. The love of dollars and power rather than mankind early sowed the dragon's teeth from which have sprung a crop of evil agencies, hostile to our material, intellectual

and spiritual development. In politics this moral skepticism has manifested itself in what log-rolling and bribery, what perjury, deceit and circumvention; what absenteeism; swapping and purchasing of votes; false representations of the conditions and needs of private enterprises; cunning and misleading adjustments of duties for special favor! What tortuosity of conduct and impairment of usefulness has it not caused to some of the most gifted of our statesmen?

The skepticism of moral cowardice and un-self-reliance seems to have enfeebled our whole civilization. Our education fails to instruct the young how to meet the highest responsibilities of life with the courage that overcomes resistances, and the resignation that submits without sulking complaint to the inevitable. The boys and girls have unusual metal who graduate from our schools and colleges fit for anything more than dress parade. The large majority of them have imbibed the idea that to get on in the world with the least possible work and discomfort is the end of life. The road to success commences with them at the top round of the ladder, rather than at the bottom; and if not started from the top they think themselves wronged, lose heart, sit down and rail at the world.

Our religion has been a burden-shifting theology, providing salvation by the easier way of dogma and rite, than that of unremitted striving of the spirit to overcome the flesh. There has been no end of professed belief about God; but practically we have acted as atheists. A New York financier is reported to have exclaimed on being reproached with sharp practice in Wall street: "Up town I endeavor to do my duty to God, the church and my family; but down town I have to take care of myself."

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## EDITORS:

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,

J. V. BLAKE, - - - J. C. LEARNED,  
W. C. GANNETT, - - - H. M. SIMMONS,  
F. L. HOSMER, - - - DAVID UTTER.

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Advertising, 6 cents per line; reading notices, 12 cents. Communications regarding advertisements should be addressed to LORD & THOMAS, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago.

## NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

**Chicago.**—The Woman's Unitarian Association is one of the most forehanded of our western study organizations. It is already out with its next year's programme of study and its list of over two hundred members. The following is the order of studies:

SEPTEMBER 29.

Church of the Messiah, Mrs. E. A. West, Leader.  
Topic: "Temperance Work in the Liberal Churches."

OCTOBER 27.

Third Church, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Leader. Topic:  
"New Methods in Foreign Missions."

NOVEMBER 17.

All Souls Church. Sermon by Rev. Florence Kollock.

DECEMBER 22.

Unity Church, Dr. Leila G. Bedell, Leader. Topic:  
"Relation of Health to Religion."

JANUARY 26.

Church of the Messiah, Mrs. G. F. Shears, Leader.  
Topic: "The Wages of Sin."

FEBRUARY 23.

Third Church, Mrs. S. W. Conger and Mrs. C. H. S. Mixer, Leaders. Topic: "Contact with Children as an Educating Influence."

MARCH 23.

All Souls Church, Mrs. G. A. Follansbee, Leader.  
Topic: "Recent Controversies in the Roman Catholic Church."

APRIL 28.

Unity Church, Miss Florence Hilton, Leader. Topic:  
"Dean Stanley and the Broad Church Movement."

At the beginning of each meeting ten minutes will be devoted to a review of the current religious events of the month, in charge of Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones.

—The managers of the *New Church Independent*, the Swendenborgian monthly of this city, announce that if the necessary financial backing can be secured they will issue their periodical as a weekly, beginning in December, under the name of *The New Christianity*. Rev. S. H. Spencer, of Henry, Ill., is expected to take the chief editorial responsibility. While we cannot indorse the entire platform laid down in his prospectus, we cheerfully join hands with him over his second article:

Since pure or absolute religious truth is not attainable by finite minds, but only aspects of truth agreeable to individual genius and state, therefore soundness of doctrine is not to be determined by council or creed; and the new paper will strenuously maintain the sacredness of individual freedom and the rights of the individual conscience.

**Philadelphia.**—Mr. Mangasarian's last sermon before vacation gave "Five Reasons why we Fellowship with Unitarians."

—The Unity Ethical Association in Camden has had a series of successful meetings, from which everybody is encouraged to proceed happily into the new season's work.

—Since coming here, Morse has made a bust

of Emerson which is entitled to the consideration of art and literature alike as being a work of unusual expressiveness and beauty. Mr. Pearsall Smith, of this city, who is now abroad, has undertaken to introduce it into England. Mr. Smith is the gentleman who proposed Whitman's visit to England, and was prepared to accord him royal financial treatment while going and coming and while there. —I understand that Morse, who is still here, is to make the Emerson head for the Minneapolis church.

—Two Hebrew shoemakers have been fined under the law of 1794 for plying their trade on Sunday. It is a sad outrage upon human honesty.

—The Camden society propose publishing a monthly record as soon as the necessary plans can be matured. The opposition the church finds in Camden is mostly the result of misunderstanding, and as the local papers, though inclined to be fair, are inefficient in their reports, it is thought the community might be enlightened by the circulation of a periodical compend of liberal literature.

**Sioux Falls, Dak.**—The walls of our new church are going up rapidly. We purpose having a corner-stone service soon, and the children will take part in it. The church is after the plan of Mr. Powell's church in Topeka, but it is built of Sioux Falls jasper granite instead of wood. There will be a very high and spacious basement. There is also a large parlor, a kitchen, a minister's study and two large and handsome rooms over the parlor which will be fitted up for the minister, who may lodge there if he wishes. We still hope to have it done before cold weather. The little church we are now in is very much crowded.

—Mrs. Wilkes is busy, as usual. She preaches now every Sunday at Luverne. She recently preached a most eloquent and touching sermon in the prison chapel. Her subject was "Forgiveness," and her text, "Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

—Miss Putnam, of Meadville school, who is spending her vacation at Rock Rapids, will exchange with Miss Bartlett July 31.

—Our Sunday-school went on a picnic excursion to Spirit Lake, Friday, July 22.

—Mr. Hunting is now at his home in Des Moines. He delivered a Fourth of July oration at Luverne, which was said to be the finest thing of the kind ever heard there.

**Boston Notes.**—It is pretty well determined by the A. U. A. to start a mission in Japan as soon as the acceptable minister offers himself.

—The Liberal Christian Mission of Rev. Narcisse Cyr, to Paris, France, and its suburbs, promises to set an entering wedge in the hard theology of the French evangelists. Indeed, that theology is already breaking up. Truly, pure Christianity never seems to have a resting time.

—Large preparations are making at Weirs, N. H., to receive delegates to the grove meeting, and from the appearances and reports the managers will not be disappointed in the number of expected visitors.

—Rev. C. A. Bartol is an expert at rowing and sailing a boat at his seashore home, Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass. Rev. Chas. F. Dole is the expert in the same exercises at Bar Harbor, Me.

—Many more books are now sold than last year at the A. U. A. building for summer vacation reading. Some all the time to persons not Unitarians.

—Union services of our churches have a small attendance. Rev. Charles R. Weld, of Baltimore, filled last Sunday the pulpit of the First church.

—A good deal of enthusiasm is expressed this year in the churches of Boston and suburbs in the Grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., set down

for next week. The success of the National Bureau of Unity clubs seems assured by the prominence to be given its lecturers at Weirs. Your Rev. J. Ll. Jones will be one of its heaviest advocates. E. R. B.

**Dorchester, Mass.**—The children of the First Parish are setting some good examples. They decide this year to give up their own picnic and give the money for it to city children who would not otherwise get a picnic. Some of the elders must have "caught on" to the idea, for the collection for the purpose came to more than \$180. And not long ago the "True Helpers," the temperance society of this same school, reprinted a temperance story by Miss Phelps, as *their tract*,—"the very best story of the kind there is," said one who knows. Send to them for a copy, and see what you think.

## Lactated Food

## The Mother's Favorite.

Send for our Circular entitled

## "LETTERS FROM MOTHERS,"

which contains a large number of letters, many of which say the life of their baby was saved by the use of LACTATED FOOD.

Read these letters and, if you wish, write to the mothers and get their opinion—every one will gladly answer

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Struggle for Liberty. By Theo. C. Spencer. Cloth, pp. 138. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. 50  
 Tales Before Supper. From Theophile Gautier & Prosper Merimee. Told in English by Myndart Verelst. Paper, pp. 224. New York and Chicago: Brentano Bros. 50  
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